THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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## On *the* FASCINATION *of* SERPENTS.

[From the Encyclopædia Londinenſis, Vol. VII.]

THE power of *faſcination* has in all ages been attributed to many ſpecies of the ſerpent tribe, but in a moſt eminent degree to the crotalus or rattle-ſnake. Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. profeſſor of natural hiſtory in the univerſity of Pennſylvania, is, perhaps, the firſt author who can claim the honour of endeavouring to deteƈt and remove the error. Numerous have been the writers in ſupport of this bewitching faculty in ſnakes, and ſingular and curious are many of the inſtances which they have recorded of it; but all theſe appear now to be cauſes, derived from a very different, and much more natural effeƈt. The manner in which this *ſuppoſed* faſcinating power is uſually exerted, is thus collected, from different ſtatements, by Dr. Barton:

"The ſnake, whatever its ſpecies may be, lying at the bottom of the tree or buſh upon which a bird or ſquirrel ſits, fixes its eyes upon the animal it deſigns to faſcinate or enchant. No ſooner is this done, than the unhappy animal (I uſe for the preſent the language of thoſe who differ from me in opinion, on this ſubjeƈt,) is unable to make its eſcape. It now begins to utter a moſt piteous cry, which is well known by thoſe who hear it, and underſtand the whole machinery of the buſineſs, to be the cry of a creature enchanted. If it is a ſquirrel, it runs up the tree for a ſhort diſtance, comes down again, then runs up, and laſtly, comes lower down. 'On that occaſion,' ſays an honeſt but credulous writer, profeſſor Peter Kalm, 'it has been obſerved, that the ſquirrel always goes down more than it goes up. The ſnake ſtill continues at the root of the tree, with its eyes

fixed on the ſquirrel, with which its attention is ſo entirely taken up, that a perſon accidentally approaching, may make a conſiderable noiſe, without the ſnake's ſo much as turning about. The ſquirrel, as before-mentioned, comes always lower, and at laſt leaps down to the ſnake, whoſe mouth is already wide open for its reception. The poor little animal then, with a piteous cry, runs into the ſnake's jaws, and is ſwallowed at once, if it be not too big; but if its ſize will not allow it to be ſwallowed at once, the ſnake licks it ſeveral times with its tongue, and ſmoothens it, and by that means makes it fit for ſwallowing!"

It would be eaſy to cite, from different authors, other accounts of the manner in which the enchantment is performed; or, more properly ſpeaking, of the conduct, or behaviour, of the enchanting and enchanted animals. But between theſe accounts, there is hardly a ſpecific difference. There is conſiderable unity in all the relations that we have heard, or read. However, thoſe who wiſh to examine this part of the ſubject more fully, will, at leaſt, receive ſome degree of entertainment from the peruſal of the many authors who have believed and aſſerted, that ſerpents poſſeſs a power of attracting and of faſcinating other animals. Vaillant, in his African travels, even mentions the circumſtance of a Dutch captain, at the Cape, who declared he had been partly attracted to, and faſcinated by, an enormous ſerpent in the iſland of Ceylon: but the ſtory is too ridiculous to merit a ſerious inveſtigation. Fear and fancy, when mutually ſupporting each other, become the parents of ſuperſtition, and often give a falſe colouring to the moſt ſimple forms and operations of nature.

"It is certain that in the mythology of Aſia and of Africa we diſcover ſome traces of this notion, ſo intimately connected with the ſuperſtitious credulity of the people, and even ſo naturally ariſing out of an imperfect view of the manners of ſerpents. If we may believe the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, Mr. Dudley, and other perſons, who had reſided in North America, we are to look for the beginning of this ridiculous notion among the Indians. How far, however, this is really the caſe, may, I think, be doubted. It is certain, that at preſent, the opinion is by no means univerſal among the Indians. Several intelligent gentlemen, who are well acquainted with the manners, with the religious opinions, and with the innumerable ſuperſtitious prejudices of the Indians, have informed me, that they do not think theſe people believe in the notion in queſtion. Mr. John Heckewelder writes, that he does not recollect to have heard the Indians ſay that ſnakes charm birds; though he has frequently heard them ſpeak of the ingenuity of theſe reptiles in catching birds, ſquirrels, &c. Mr. William Bartram ſays, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, that he never underſtood that the nations of Indians among whom he travelled, had any idea of the faſcinating

power

power of ſnakes. On the other hand, however, a Mohegan-Indian told me, that the Indians are of opinion that the rattle-ſnake can charm, or bewitch, ſquirrels and birds, and that it does this with its rattle, which it ſhakes, thereby inviting the animals to deſcend from the trees, after which they are eaſily caught. According to this Indian, his countrymen do not think that the ſnake, in any manner, accompliſhes the buſineſs with its eyes. A Choktah-Indian aſſured me that the rattle-ſnake does charm birds, &c. but he was honeſt enough to confeſs that he did not know in what manner it was done. The interpreter, through whom I converſed with this Indian, ſaid that the ſnake charms by means of its rattle." See Crotalus, vol. v. p. 392.

Profeſſor Blumenbach, of Gottingen, in the "Magazin der Naturkunde," 1798, has ſuppoſed that the noiſe of the rattles cauſes animals (whether impelled by a kind of curioſity, miſunderſtanding, or dreadful fear) to follow it, as it were of their own accord. This notion was propagated by Dr. Mead about ſixty years ago; and ſeems to have been collected from the writings of the earlier naturaliſts. Upon this Dr. Barton proceeds to ſay: "The reſult of not a little attention to the ſubject has taught me, that there is but one wonder in the buſineſs;—the wonder that the ſtory ſhould ever have been believed by men of underſtanding and of obſervation. Faſcination, we are informed, is almoſt entirely limited to birds that build low, and, "in almoſt every inſtance, I found that the ſuppoſed faſcinating faculty of the ſerpent was exerted upon the birds at the particular ſeaſon of their laying their eggs, of their hatching, or of their rearing their young, ſtill tender, and defenceleſs. I now began to ſuſpect, that the cries and fears of birds ſuppoſed to be faſcinated, originated in an endeavour to protect their neſt, or their young. My inquiries have convinced me that this is the caſe. Though the rattle-ſnake does not climb up trees, yet the black-ſnake, and ſome other ſpecies of the genus *coluber*, do. See the article Coluber, vol. iv. p. 784; and Anguis, vol. i. p. 711, where the *faſcinating* ſpecies, or thoſe ſnakes, which prey upon birds, are particularly ſet forth. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of ſatisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees or buſhes, upon which a bird has its neſt. The bird is not ignorant of the ſerpent's object. She leaves her neſt, whether it contains eggs or young ones, and endeavours to oppoſe the reptile's progreſs. In doing this, ſhe is actuated by the ſtrength of her inſtinctive attachment to her eggs, or of affection to her young. Her cry is melancholy, her motions are tremulous. She expoſes herſelf to the moſt imminent danger. Sometimes ſhe approaches ſo near the reptile, that he ſeizes her as his prey. But this is far from being univerſally the caſe. Often ſhe compels the ſerpent to leave the tree, and then returns to her neſt. Horace, though

he has not, like his contemporary, Virgil, given any great proofs of his knowledge in natural hiſtory, appears to have known, full well, the anxiety of birds for the preſervation of their young:

*Ut aſſidens implumibus pullis avis*
*Serpentium allapſus timet.* Epod. i. 19.

Thus, if the mother-bird forſake
Her unfledg'd young, ſhe dreads the gliding ſnake.

"The author of theſe two fine lines, had he lived in America, the land of faſcination, would, I am inclined to think, have diſbelieved the whole ſtory. They would have been a clue to light and truth on this ſubject. Indeed, every ſportſman in our own country knows, that at the commencement of the ſhooting ſeaſon, the old birds will conſtantly expoſe themſelves to danger, trailing on the ground, flying extremely ſhort and low, and making a diſtreſsful ſhrieking noiſe, in order to call off the attention of the fowler, that the young and inexperienced covey might have a better chance to eſcape.

"It is a well-known fact, that among ſome ſpecies of birds, the female, at a certain period, is accuſtomed to compel the young ones to leave the neſt; that is, when the young have acquired ſo much ſtrength that they are no longer entitled to *all* her care. But they ſtill claim ſome of her care. Their flights are awkward, and ſoon broken by fatigue. They fall to the ground, where, in America, they are frequently expoſed to the attacks of the ſerpent, which attempts to devour them. In this ſituation, the mother will place herſelf upon the branch of a tree or buſh, in the vicinity of the ſerpent. She will dart upon the ſerpent in order to prevent the deſtruction of her young: but fear, the inſtinct of ſelf-preſervation, will compel her to retire. She leaves the ſerpent, however, but for a ſhort time, and then returns again. Oftentimes ſhe prevents the deſtruction of her young, attacking the ſnake with her wing, her beak, or her claws. Should the reptile ſucceed in capturing the young, the mother is expoſed to leſs danger. For, whilſt engaged in ſwallowing them, he has neither inclination nor power to ſeize upon the old one. But the appetite of the ſerpent-tribe is great: the capacity of their ſtomachs is not leſs ſo. The danger of the mother is at hand, when the young are devoured. The ſnake ſeizes upon her: and this is the cataſtrophe which crowns the tale of faſcination, whether of the bird, or the ſquirrel!

"Some years ſince, the ingenious Mr. Rittenhouſe was induced to ſuppoſe, from the peculiar melancholy cry of a red-winged-maize-thief, (*oriolus phæniceus*, Linn.) that a ſnake was at no great diſtance from it, and that the bird was in diſtreſs. He

threw

threw a ſtone at the place from which the cry proceeded, which had the effect of driving the bird away. The poor animal, however, immediately returned to the ſame ſpot. Mr. Rittenhouſe now went to the place where the bird alighted, and to his great aſtoniſhment he found it perched upon the back of a large black ſnake, which it was pecking with its beak. At this very time the ſerpent was in the act of ſwallowing a young bird, and from the enlarged ſize of the reptile's belly it was evident that it had already ſwallowed two or three other young birds. After the ſnake was killed, the old bird flew away. Mr. Rittenhouſe ſays, that the cry and actions of this bird had been preciſely ſimilar to thoſe of a bird which is ſaid to be under the *faſcinating* influence of a ſerpent; and I doubt not that this very inſtance would, by many credulous perſons, have been adduced as a proof of the exiſtence of ſuch a faculty. But what can be more evident than the general explanation of this caſe? The maize thief builds its neſt in low buſhes, the bottoms of which are the uſual haunts of the black ſnake. The reptile found no difficulty in gliding up to the neſt, from which, moſt probably, in the abſence of the mother, it had taken the young ones. Or it had ſeized the young ones, after they had been forced from the neſt by the mother. In either caſe, the mother had come to prevent them from being devoured.

"A black ſnake ſometimes finds great difficulty in obtaining his prey upon a tree. In ſupport of this aſſertion, I could adduce many facts. I ſhall content myſelf, however, with relating only one inſtance, which ſtrikingly illuſtrates my poſition: A black ſnake was ſeen climbing up a tree, evidently with the view of procuring the young birds in the neſt of a Baltimore-bird. This bird ſuſpends its neſt at the extremity of a branch. The branch to which the bird had affixed its neſt, being very ſlender, the ſerpent found it impoſſible to come at the neſt by crawling along it: he, therefore, took the advantage of another branch, which hung above the neſt, and twiſting a ſmall portion of his tail around it, he was enabled, by ſtretching the remainder of his body, to reach the neſt, into which he inſinuated his head, and thus glutted his appetite with the young birds."

Upon the whole, there ſeems very little doubt but that Dr. Barton is correct, as well as judicious, in his concluſions on this ſubject. If ſo, the power of faſcination muſt fall to the ground, as that of witchcraft has long ſince done; and of which deluſive doctrine this ſeems a mere fragment. Indeed it would very ill accord with the benevolent plan of an all-wiſe and equal providence, to beſtow upon any one race of its creatures an excluſive power of drawing into inevitable deſtruction, another race, over which its bountiful protection and care is manifeſted in an extraordinary degree; as ſtated under Ornithology. The truth, therefore,

therefore, ſeems to be, that this ſhrieking and fluttering of the parent bird over the menacing poſition of the ſerpent, are no more than the natural expreſſions of anxiety in a mother, for the care and ſafety of her infant progeny. This view of faſcination agrees alſo much more juſtly with the general inſtincts of the whole ſix claſſes of animals: for though they are ſubjected, for the wiſeſt of purpoſes, to prey on one another, yet this is done, not by witchcraft, but by wiles, and ſnares, and cunning artifices, more or leſs obſervable in the economy of every diſtinct race, for the ſuſtenance and ſupport of life, even from the ſmalleſt animalcule, to the royal tiger of Bengal; and is moſt ſtrikingly exemplified in the inſtincts and habits of the teſtaceous and finny tribes.

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## INSPECTOR, No. III.

——Ever roving, ever ſeeking thee,
Enchanting ſpirit, dear variety!

The ſacred implement I now employ
Might prove a miſchief, or at beſt a toy;
A trifle, if it move but to amuſe:
But if to wrong the judgement and abuſe,
Worſe than a poniard in the baſeſt hand,
It ſtabs at once the morals of a land.

PERHAPS the public will join with me in opinion, that I did well to requeſt the correſpondence of ſuch as incline to favour me. I am extremely glad that I did ſo, becauſe it has occaſioned ſeveral letters, which I hope will afford my readers ſome amuſement; and not only amuſement, but inſtruction; for, as my motto expreſſes, all an author's labours are in vain, unleſs he improves the heart, as well as amuſes the fancy. I have, therefore, made a reſolution, that it ſhall be my peculiar care, in the courſe of my communications with the public, neither to admit any thing, nor write upon any ſubject, that has the leaſt tendency to encourage any kind of vice. And if my eſſays do not always contain inſtruction, they ſhall, however, be innocent.

I have received ſome verſes from my friend, but as they will occupy a whole Inſpector, I ſhall in juſtice to my correſpondents, inſert the following letters.

MR. INSPECTOR,

The benevolent ſentiments contained in the beautiful deſcriptions of Cowper, have of late inclined me to enter more feelingly into the diſtreſſes of my fellow creatures. My heart was

not ſo hard before but that it pitied their ſufferings, but ſtill I was not ſometimes willing to let them intrude on my time and pleaſure; nor could I liſten with patience to the unpoliſhed relations of their troubles. I now take a delight in being a partaker of their griefs, and hearing a recital of the many diſtreſſes of their ſituation. Thus I enjoy the ſatisfaction of ſympathizing with them, and ſeeing them pleaſed with my attention, even though it be not in my power to afford them any aſſiſtance. When I compare my own troubles with thoſe of numbers around me, they appear ſo few, and of ſo little importance, that for a while I huſh my complaints, and am aſhamed of my murmuring.

By accuſtoming ourſelves to conſider our ſituation with reſpect to thoſe who have fewer enjoyments of life, we ſhould perceptibly leſſen the weight of our afflictions, and be inclined to be of more ſervice to our fellow creatures. It is a common obſervation among the poor, that one half of the world does not know how the other lives. This I believe to be true. They know not what it is to feel the pangs of hunger, to be deprived of the comforts of warm clothing, and an exhilirating fire-ſide. At the ſame time, I do not ſuppoſe that they who poſſeſs thoſe external comforts are free from cauſes of grief; it is very probable they are ſtill more miſerable than the pooreſt of their ſpecies. I offer theſe obſervations as a means of their mutually encreaſing each other's happineſs, for thoſe who have the opportunity in their power,

" To learn the luxury of doing good."

My heart has often ached, when I have reflected on the numerous calamities to which a great part of the females among the poor are expoſed. Though I do not poſſeſs ſufficient knowledge to give a deſcription of the horrors of a houſe which contains ſuch miſerable creatures, yet I have been witneſs of ſcenes that convince me, it is the reſort of the greateſt wretchedneſs and horror that can poſſibly befal human nature; and that the wretches who reſide in it, are generally deſerving of more pity than they ever experience. They are frequently allured to ſuch an abominable profeſſion, by motives and temptations to which the rich are ſtrangers.

If you think this worth inſerting, you are welcome to do it, and will oblige Your's, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

*To Roger Inſpector, Eſq.*

SIR,

In your firſt paper, which you called a preface, you gave us a hope that your future ones would conſiſt of the converſation of the

the club. As I have felt the ſame inconveniences which you mention relating to converſation, I flattered myſelf that now a new road would be ſtruck out, that we ſhould be able to find ſufficient ſubjects to make it intereſting, and that converſation would no longer be ſo dull and inſipid as it is.

I am your ſincere friend and well-wiſher,
THOMAS GARRULOUS.

I ſhall anſwer my kind correſpondent with obſerving, that I did not think a public detail of our converſation would be as agreeable as the ſubſtance of it reduced into a regular method. However, I will take ſome opportunity of letting him ſee the colloquial abilities of my friends, Ambroſe Mercatus, and Arthur Quickſilver.

HONOURED ROGER,

My joy was ſo great when I firſt received the welcome news, that one of your family was ſtill ſurviving, that I determined to write and acquaint you with it. But, my preſent buſineſs is, to remind you that your learned anceſtors, inſtead of expreſſing their mottos in the vulgar tongue, in a very myſterious manner wrapped them up in Latin. Now, if your reaſon for diſcontinuing that practice, be your ignorance of the language, I freely offer my ſervices, and will engage to furniſh you with a motto in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or even conceal it in impenetrable Chineſe.

I remain, your's, &c.
ROBERT LINGUIST.

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*Anecdotes of M. Necker and the Marquis de Pezay.*

THE Chevalier de Bonnard relates that one evening, Dorat, coming in late to go to bed, found his friend Pezay occupied in matters of adminiſtration. "What the d——l are you about? Are you mad?" ſaid Dorat. "Take your violin, make a couplet, and leave this traſh to me." "My friend," anſwered Pezay, "I wiſh to be lieutenant-general and miniſter at forty years of age, and I have no time to loſe."

He was in the high road to it, thanks to the intriguing ſpirit of Madame de Caſſini, and would have arrived there, if he had poſſeſſed more ſenſe, and had not been envied for his firſt ſucceſs. Pezay had attached himſelf to the Count de Maillebois, from whom he gathered the military memoirs, publiſhed under the title of Campagnes de Maillebois.

At the advancement of Louis XVI. to the throne, he was very far from being in favour; he thought of addreſſing to the king obſervations on the means of relieving the people, and

ſucceeded in fixing the attention of the prince time enough, to determine him to diſmiſs the Abbe Terray. The king for ſome time did not anſwer his letters, and Pezay wrote to him one day that he was uneaſy on account of his ſilence. M. de Maurepas was informed of this correſpondence, and received Pezay with diſtinction. When de Sartine became miniſter, he allowed him free acceſs, and conſulted him on many occaſions.

Pezay loved literature, and compoſed ſome light verſes. Being reckoned a man of genius, he was admitted into the ſociety of M. Necker, who ſought to make friends for himſelf amongſt the literary, whoſe ſuperiority in ſociety he acknowledged. Madame Necker, a kind of learned lady, who had need of inſtruction to ſupport her character, made his houſe a repertory of wit: ſhe then made heavy diſſertations; but if ſhe had neither grace nor lightneſs in her humour, ſhe had much addreſs for intrigue: ſhe knew how to draw partizans to her huſband, by her officiouſneſs, by her exaggerated praiſes, and by little a-propos ſervices. Pezay confided to M. Necker the correſpondence he had with the king, and from this moment the caſh of the banker was at his ſervice. The horizon of his projects became, day after day, more extenſive. The Count de Saint Germain, miniſter of war, having got into diſgrace, could not remain long in place. Pezay thought to make the Prince de Montbarrey miniſter of war, to familiariſe the people to his elevation to the place of ſecretary at war. Occupied with this project he did not loſe ſight of M. Necker, who founded on him the hopes of his miniſterial fortunes, and laviſhed on him the moſt ſolid marks of gratitude.

M. Necker, having applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the ſyſtem of finance, compoſed treatiſes adapted to ſeduce the king and his prime miniſter, by the proſpect of greater reſources, and Pezay took on himſelf to lay them before the king, with a private letter, in which he recommended the author of the treatiſes as a man of the greateſt knowledge in this kind of buſineſs.

The prime miniſter diſpoſed by character to adopt new ideas, began to be uneaſy on account of the credit of M. Turgot. He ſeized with eagerneſs this opportunity of ſecuring to himſelf in ſecret, a man ſkilled in finance, for the purpoſe of oppoſing his ideas to thoſe of M. Turgot. M. Necker applied himſelf immediately to criticiſe ſecretly the meaſures of Turgot, and to diſcredit them with the public. Pezay, on his part, continually repreſented Necker as a tranſcendant genius in the financial ſyſtem; the table, the genius, the knowledge, and the caſh of the banker were at his command; and Madame Necker, by her careſſes, her officiouſneſs, and her flattery, ſtrove to render the union ſtill more complete.

The proud Necker, wrapped up in a great coat, has often waited in the back part of the carriage of Pezay, for the hour of the return of the latter from Verſailles.

When we conſider that the ſame man has ſo often ſpoken in his writings of the nobleneſs of his ſentiments, of his contempt of intrigue, that has ſo often printed theſe words, *a man of my character;* and when we repreſent him concealed in the back of Pezay's carriage, one would imagine him not the Orgon, but Tartuffe himſelf, crouching under the table of Madame Elmire, to wait the ſucceſs of his vows.

Pezay having conſtantly adhered to his projects, found out the means, in little more than a year, to have M. Necker named miniſter of finances, and the Prince de Montbarrey, ſecretary of war. He reigned in theſe two departments, but he was very far from being of any weight. Credit with regard to him was ridiculous. He was dazzled with ſucceſs, drunk with favours, and his indiſcretions at length tired M. de Maurepas. They created for him a place of inſpector general of the coaſt, and his annual ſalary was raiſed to ſixty thouſand pounds.

The proſpect of a near diſgrace very much affected him—and he died almoſt ſuddenly, his heart broken with chagrin, leaving a young and intereſting widow, to whom they granted a penſion of eight thouſand livres.

Such is the hiſtory of a *petit-maitre*, poet, and intriguer, who, by underhand manœuvres, placed in adminiſtration, a man, who has marked the deſtiny of France; and it is on this account, that it is intereſting to make it known. Auſtere Sully! Virtuous Turgot! the Pezay of your times did not determine your elevation.

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## *Some* ACCOUNT *of* KLOPSTOCK.

KLOPSTOCK, born at Quidlimbourg, in the principality of Hallerſtadt, of rather indigent parents, was the Homer and the Pindar of Germany. It is not only in his own country that Klopſtock is known; he has filled Europe with his name. The muſes were the charm and glory of his life. From his firſt appearance in the world, his merit was appreciated. The preſents of the king of Denmark, and the margrave of Baden, put him in a condition to live independent, and have no other purſuit than that to which he was directed by his genius. Nature had endowed him with an eaſy and pleaſant diſpoſition, and an unalterable ſerenity of mind. He lived in the midſt of a family by which he was adored, and with friends who were worthy of his eſteem. His old age was happy and honoured. He preſerved to a very advanced period of life all the fire of his genius. For more than fifty years, the lyric enthuſiaſm glowed

in

in his ſoul with an ardour almoſt always equal. At his death he preſerved the ſweet illuſions of the poet. In his laſt moments the poetical beings, created by his own imagination, appeared to him. He ſaw them, and called them by their names. He felt himſelf tranſported into a peopled world, embelliſhed with all the charms of his fancy. This poetical delirium brings to our recollection that Rivarol, upon the point of expiring, called for ſome attic figs and nectar. Klopſtock terminated his mortal career at Hamburgh, in the 79th year of his age, on the 15th of March, 1803.

He who is poſſeſſed only of fortune and power, has, at his death, neither friends nor admirers. It is not ſo with the man of genius. The obſequies of Klopſtock were celebrated with the greateſt poſſible pomp. The ſenate, the *corps diplomatique*, profeſſors and founders of ſchools, philoſophers, and a great many other perſons of Hamburg and Altona, accompanied his bier.

The retinue being arrived at the temple, the poem of the Meſſiah was put on Klopſtock's coffin; a crown of laurel was placed on the book, which was open, and the twelfth canto of the work was read. The odes of the poet merited the ſame honour; for, perhaps, they are his *chef-d'œuvre*. The picture of the transfiguration was exhibited near the bier of Raphael. This mode of rendering homage to genius through the medium of its grandeſt conceptions has been before employed. Archimedes wiſhed to have his tomb adorned with his moſt famous diſcovery. Bernouilli expreſſed the ſame deſire. The aſhes of Klopſtock were buried, according to his directions, in the church-yard of the village of Ottenten, under the thick foliage of a ſuperb young elm. He repoſes under the tree which he had planted on the grave of his wife, and under which he had always a melancholy ſatisfaction to go and meditate.

Klopſtock has compoſed a number of odes that form two volumes in 8vo. Part were publiſhed in 1747, and part in 1787. They inſure immortal glory to their author. This is perhaps the moſt perfect of Klopſtock's works. Some of thoſe odes have been imitated in French. He has dedicated his Meſſiah, a poem, in twenty cantoes, to his illuſtrious patron Frederick the Fifth, king of Denmark and Norway. The firſt cantoes appeared in 1749. A few years after the Meſſiah was publiſhed, M. Junker, and M. Anthelmy, profeſſor in the military college, tranſlated the firſt ſix cantoes into French. It has ſince been tranſlated entire into Engliſh, Dutch, Italian, and French. This work is rich in ſublime conceptions and magnificent images. After the Paradiſe Loſt, and the Jeruſalem Delivered, the Meſſiah is the epic poem among the moderns that has furniſhed moſt ſubjects to the painter and the ſculptor, for the grand and ſublime.

The great merit of Klopſtock's work is the diction. He enchants by his noble and energetic ſtyle. He charms by the melody and harmony of his verſes. But his works reſemble thoſe liquors that loſe their flavour when poured from one veſſel into another. The beauties cannot be preſerved in a tranſlation, and it is in Germany alone that they can be ſufficiently appreciated. But though a German alone can be the beſt judge of his merits, men of letters of all countries will do homage to his talents, and proclaim him one of the moſt ſublime geniuſes that the 18th century has produced.

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## *Brief Hiſtory of the preſent State of Education in England.*

*By* J. H. Abraham, of Sheffield.

GRAMMAR ſchools, and the univerſities, being, in a great meaſure, connected with the ſtate, claim the firſt attention. Grammar ſchools are eſtabliſhed in moſt of the principal towns, and in ſome villages. Moſt of theſe inſtitutions are endowed, for the benefit of a limited number of pupils, either by royal munificence, corporations, or by ſome other benefactors. In London there are four, Weſtminſter, St. Paul's, Charter-Houſe, and Merchant-Taylors. A grammar ſchool has generally a head-maſter, an under-maſter, and ſometimes an uſher. The boys are claſſed according to their proficiency, and are taught the Latin, the Greek, and, perhaps, the Hebrew languages. The maſters of theſe ſchools, it is evident, muſt be men of learning, and they are ſometimes rewarded for their exertions, in the humble, though important office of education, by lucrative places in the church. The celebrated Dr. Buſby was made maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool in 1640, and twenty years after, prebendary of Weſtminſter and treaſurer of Wells, which ſituations he held 'till 1695, when he died. Dr. Vincent alſo has lately been removed from the chair of Weſtminſter ſchool to the deanery of Weſtminſter. Neither the ſciences, nor any of the foreign living languages, are taught in grammar ſchools except by teachers choſen by the head-maſter for that purpoſe, whoſe ſalaries are not paid out of the endowments, but by the ſcholars.

Grammar ſchools are preparatory to the univerſities. On his entry to the univerſity of Oxford, every ſcholar is obliged to ſign the thirty-nine articles; at Cambridge, he is only required to declare himſelf a member of the church of England, but cannot take any degree without ſubſcription. According to the ſtatutes of the univerſity, a ſtudent muſt be four years under the tuition of his maſter. The ſons of peers, are, however, exempted

empted from this regulation. The commencement of the fourth year warns the ſtudent to begin the preparation for his firſt degree of B. A. A diſputation, in Latin, is the preſcribed exerciſe at Oxford, but at Cambridge, examinations in the mathematics, grammar, rhetoric, &c. ſucceed the diſputation, which occupy a few hours for three days together. After having obtained his firſt degree, the ſtudent is releaſed from attending the inſtruction of his maſter, and his future progreſs depends on his own application. Some, however, after this, leave the univerſity, and only appear at the end of each term, to ſhew themſelves members. Of theſe terms, four are annually kept at Oxford, and three at Cambridge. After having obtained the degree of B. A. twelve terms, three years more are required at Oxford, to become a M. A. and to be received into the academical ſenate. L. L. D. requires, at Oxford, five—M. D. three years more. At Cambridge, one year leſs is required. A maſter of arts muſt wait ſeven years before he can obtain the degree of B. D. and four more for D. D. The ſtudents are diſtinguiſhed by the manner in which they are ſupported. Thoſe who live at their own expence, are called commoners—thoſe who are upon the foundation, are called ſcholars—and thoſe who are maintained by the college where they are inſtructed, are ſtyled, at Oxford, ſervitors.—At Cambridge, ſizars. There are ſeventeen colleges at Oxford, beſides ſeveral halls, and ſome recent foundations. Cambridge has ſixteen colleges.

Locke and Newton, in philoſophy; Maclaurin and Ferguſon, in mathematics; Uſher and Marſham, in hiſtory and chronology; and Grotius on the law of nations, are the ſtandard authors at Cambridge. At Oxford, Ariſtotle ſtill appears to retain a conſiderable authority, for, whoever wiſhes to obtain the degree of B. A. is to prepare himſelf by exerciſes, and the diſcuſſion of logical queſtions *ſecundum Ariſtotelem (cujus ſuprema ſit auctoritas)*. On the whole, Cambridge ſeems to be the leaſt ſhackled by bigotted ſtatutes. Mr. Vince, Plumian profeſſor, and Mr. Wood, of St. John's, undertook, a few years back, to publiſh a ſeries of elementary works, compriſing the ſubſtance of the lectures uſually read at Cambridge, upon mathematics and natural philoſophy. This ſeries, which was finiſhed in 1800, conſiſts of ſix volumes.

The diſſenters being excluded from theſe univerſities on account of ſubſcription to the thirty-nine articles, have eſtabliſhed academies in different parts of the kingdom, for the inſtruction of ſuch as are intended for the miniſtry. The principal of theſe was founded in 1786, at Hackney, and is generally known by the name of the New College, Hackney. A fund has been raiſed for the ſupport of a limited number of pupils, a certain number of years. Other young men are admitted and taught at the expence of their parents. There was formerly one at Warrington,

rington, which is now diſſolved. At Maſborough, near Rotherham, is one on a leſs ſcale. It is required in this laſt place, that all candidates be aſſured within themſelves of their call to the miniſtry before they can be admitted.

The quakers too, have ſchools in London, as well as in the country. At Ackworth, they have a very reſpectable ſchool, which the late Dr. Fothergil has remembered in his laſt will, and conferred upon it conſiderable legacies. The buildings are neat and convenient. There are five ſchool-maſters, and three ſchool-miſtreſſes, ſubject to an overſeer, who teach about two hundred boys and one hundred and forty girls. Beſides which number, the children of opulent quakers are taught at the expence of their parents. At Clerkenwell they have alſo a well regulated ſchool and workhouſe. The catholics, the whole number of whom, in England, perhaps, does not exceed ſixty thouſand, have but three ſchools of any note; one in Hertfordſhire, another at Birmingham, and the third, which is the largeſt, near Wolverhampton, in Staffordſhire.

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## *On Speculation among the Faſhionables.*

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

TO write to the daily newſpapers for the redreſs of the evil I have to complain of, would be like any one benevolent member of the houſe of commons bringing in a bill to prevent the landowners from conſulting their own intereſt, when another corn-bill is ſuggeſted. The nuiſance I complain of is beneficial to the diurnal prints, and theſe may be ſaid to have greatly encouraged, if not wholly occaſioned it, I mean "the faſhionable parties for the week." I very unfortunately live next door to one of theſe "faſhionable ladies," and therefore am greatly annoyed two nights a week by the company at her routs. This lady has two daughters and a niece "to diſpoſe of," and therefore it is eſſentially neceſſary to continue advertiſing them 'till they are taken off her hands. I find this is become a very common, and thought to be *a very fair ſpeculation!*

I underſtand one of the ladies is on the point of being eſpouſed by the ſon of a baronet, and heir to a very conſiderable eſtate in one of our midland counties. After he had been (for the firſt time) at the lady's party, a paragraph appeared in a faſhionable print, as follows: "It is whiſpered that the amiable Miſs T——, the moſt accompliſhed of her ſex, is about to give her fair hand to Mr. ——, the moſt accompliſhed of his. The lady is expected to enjoy a conſiderable fortune at the death of a very near relation far advanced in years, and the gentleman is heir to an eſtate

of five thouſand a year." Now when this intereſting couple meet again, it is eaſy to conceive they look at one another with attention: in ſhort, like the *medecin malgre lui*, they became lovers whether they would or not be ſuch, having been forced, as it were, to admire each other.

Now this is the moſt favourable reſult of the new kind of ſpeculation. Many have ſet up in it, but have been ruined before they could bring it to bear, as the ſaying is. Mrs. Daſh has been twice in a ſpunging-houſe, and once actually in the Fleet, before ſhe made a lucky match for herſelf. If one in a thouſand chance to ſucceed in this kind of lottery, like the holder of a ten or twenty thouſand pound prize, it makes numbers of freſh adventurers. But, Mr. Editor, the circumſtance the moſt to be complained of, is, that theſe faſhionable parties (*mobs* I was going to ſay, keep the neighbourhood, from the racket of their carriages, in a ſtate of diſturbance half the night of their aſſembling.

As to the extravagance of theſe routes, ſome people ſay the expence of them, for the ſeaſon, is to be calculated as exactly as the quantity of carpet neceſſary for covering the floor of a drawing-room. There muſt, however, be ſome contingency annexed to this kind of enterprize, or ſo many "faſhionables" could not be ruined and impriſoned before they have half tried the ſcheme. I hope theſe facts being made public, may be the means of preventing numbers of tradeſmen hereafter from complaining that they have not been able to obtain their harps, their piano-fortes, their route-chairs, route-glaſſes, &c. &c. which they have lent out for the evening.

I am, Sir, your's,

A.

*Mancheſter-ſquare, March* 9, 1805.

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## *Character of that independent Senator, the late John Scudamore, Eſq.*

ON the 13th of April, 1805, died, in Conduit-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare, in conſequence of an attack of the ſpaſmodic gout in his ſtomach, John Scudamore, Eſq. of Kentchurch, in the county of Hereford, and one of the repreſentatives of the city of Hereford in the preſent and preceding Parliament, having been elected in the year 1796, in the place of his father, who died a few weeks after he had been returned a ſixth time. Deſcended from a long line of anceſtors, who have ſucceſſively fulfilled the moſt important provincial offices with integrity and honour, this gentlemen did credit to his birth and his connections. In public life he was invariably diſtinguiſhed by a ſteady attachment

attachment to thoſe principles on which the admired conſtitution of this country was founded at the glorious revolution. He ſupported no meaſure which added to the burthens, or diminiſhed the liberties, of the people; nor was he deterred by ſevere indiſpoſition from adding his laſt vote, on the 8th of April, 1805, in favour of that great and triumphant national cauſe—the detection and expoſure of the moſt flagrant abuſes in one of the higheſt departments of the ſtate. His country will long regret, that the ſevere cold he caught, in returning from the houſe of commons, brought on the gout, which terminated his earthly career.

In private life he conciliated the eſteem and reſpect of every party. His education was claſſical, correct, and elegant; his opinions were liberal, and free from prejudice; his manners poliſhed, and highly inſinuating. The regrets which will follow the loſs of ſuch a character, cannot be confined to the immediate circle of his own acquaintance; they muſt extend to all who are competent to appreciate worth, and willing to acknowledge it.

He married, May 3, 1797, Lucy, only daughter of the late James Walwyn, Eſq. M. P. for Hereford, and has left by her a ſon and heir, now in the eighth year of his age. His lady died in child-bed, February 24, 1798.

Mr. Scudamore's mother was the Miſs Weſtcomb, whoſe intereſting letters form part of the correſpondence of Richardſon, lately publiſhed by Mrs. Barbauld.

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*Method of converting the Fins, Tail, &c. of the Whale Fiſh into Glue, diſcovered by Mr. Robert Raines, of Hull.*

THE firſt part of this operation conſiſts in cutting the parts to be made uſe of into pieces of about fourteen pounds each: theſe are to be put into boiling water, and kept hot for twelve hours, to extract the greaſe, and other matter which would hinder the converſion of the ſubſtance into glue. They are then to be kept in cold water a conſiderable time, taking care that the water is changed four times; after which, to a ton of fiſhy ſubſtance, in a ſort of bag, add 120 gallons of water, and boil them together twelve hours, when the bag is to be taken out, and with the remainder twenty pounds of alum are to be mixed, while it is ſtill in the copper. Having now ſtood twelve hours, it is to be drawn off into coolers, and laid out on nets to dry, after the manner of common glue.

## ANECDOTES *of Sir* THOMAS LIGHTON, *Bart.*

THIS reſpectable perſon, who was a banker, died lately in Dublin. He was one of the many inſtances "that honeſty is the beſt policy." He had been, very early in life, an humble trader in the town of Strabane, in the north of Ireland; and proving unſucceſsful, he went in ſearch of better fortune to the Eaſt Indies, as a ſoldier in the Eaſt India company's ſervice. He was a man of talent and ſtrong mind, and rendered himſelf extremely uſeful by having, in a very ſhort time, acquired a complete knowledge of the oriental languages.

It was his good fortune to be confined in the ſame priſon with the late General Matthews, who, previous to his unfortunate cataſtrophe, entruſted to Sir Thomas, then Mr. Lighton's care, jewels and property to an immenſe amount, to be delivered to his family, if he ſhould effect an eſcape; and, to inſure his zeal and punctuality, gave him a conſiderable ſum as a preſent. He was employed as an interpreter ſome time after, and took advantage of the firſt opportunity that offered to eſcape. After aſſuming various diſguiſes, and encountering many perilous adventures, he arrived in London, and, waiting on Mrs. Matthews, delivered her huſband's laſt letter and the treaſure to her; who rewarded him, it is ſaid, with twenty thouſand pounds.

He immediately wrote to Ireland, to enquire for a beloved wife and child, whom he had left behind him, and ſent a ſum of money to diſcharge his debts. His wife, whom he had left young, handſome, and unprotected, he found had, by the moſt reſpectable induſtry, ſupported herſelf and her daughter, who was then a very fine girl of ten years of age, and given her an education ſuperior to her humble means. A very handſome houſe was taken at Stephen's Green, Dublin. The ſeatb elonging to the late Lord Chief Baron Foſter, father of the Iriſh chancellor of the exchequer, near Dublin, was purchaſed for him, and new carriages built. But he was not happy in an inactive life, and embarked great part of his fortune in a banking-houſe, which has been very ſucceſsful.

Lady Lighton, whoſe mild and amiable manners endeared her to all ranks, died ſome time ſince, and left him a numerous family. To ſupply this loſs a lady of the moſt exemplary character was engaged, on the moſt liberal terms, to ſuperintend their education. Sir Thomas Lighton was a good natured and benevolent man.

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## *A* QUESTION, *by W. Priſk.*

HOW much powder will fill the ſhell whoſe internal diameter is 10 inches?

*Anſwer, by E. M. C. near Dorcheſter, to J. James's Charade, inſerted March* 18.

ALPHABET is the object that you had in view,
Which had not King Cadmus found out and arrang'd,
Illiterate we then had remain'd it is true,
And charades with their anſwers had ne'er been exchang'd.

☞ We have received ſimilar anſwers from G. Hann, of Stoke Abbot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; Adrianus; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; T. Adey, J. Lewis, and J. B. B. of Poole; T. Gill, officer of exciſe near Wells; and W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes.

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*Anſwer, by T. Kite, of Stockland, to G. Hann's Charade, inſerted March* 25.

MY WARDROBE ſhould be as a church neat and clean,
Of frippery devoid, but of elegant mien.

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*Anſwer, by W. Mann, of Aſhburton, to A. Kyne's Rebus, inſerted March* 25.

FAM'D CULPEPER poſſeſs'd a noble mind,
He labour'd for the good of all mankind;
He ſtudied herbs, and he their uſes penn'd,
Nor left ERINGO's virtues unexplain'd.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Adrianus; Cornubia; P. Gove, of Exeter; T. Adey, J. Lewis, and J. B. B. of Poole; and T. Gill, officer of exciſe near Wells.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Chubb, of Everſhot.*

WHEN ſpring reſumes its all enliv'ning reign,
Diffuſing grandeur o'er the earth's wild ſcene,
My firſt, ingenious youths, expound;
A female beaſt, the empreſs of the wood,
All but one letter ſhould be underſtood,
A female's title to propound.

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*A* CHARADE, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

ALiquor, Sirs, you firſt muſt ſhow,
Which common is, and good you know;
My next you'll find to be a peck,
Ingenious bards, thoſe parts ſelect:
And when they're join'd completely right,
An herb they'll bring unto your ſight.

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*A* CHARADE.

YE bards, who often in theſe pages write,
If you my name would wiſh to bring to light,
A ſmall domeſtic animal produce;
A foreign fruit that yields the richeſt juice;
A town in Weſtmoreland you'll then define;
A famous Roman you are next to find;
Go ſearch the woods, for there is to be found,
A well-known tree 'tis eaſy to expound:
The initials join'd, and plac'd aright,
My name 'twill quickly bring to ſight.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## TO FASHION.

——*Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.*

JUV. SAT.

DUPE of vanity and pride!
Gay bubble on the eddying tide
Of ever-fleeting time!
How oft we view thy ſenſeleſs zeal,
O'er every age and ſex prevail,
And reign in every clime!

Behold the proud, fantaſtic crew
Thy ſteps, with anxious haſte, purſue,
And all thy arts obey;
'Till death, relentleſs death appears
(Unmov'd by penſive ſorrow's tears)
And hurries them away.

Thus on the cliff's impending brow,
Unconſcious of the depth below,
Some careleſs urchin ſtrays,
To chaſe the ſummer's painted fly,
That fluttering thro' the azure ſky
Its gaudy wing diſplays.

I can but laugh, whene'er I meet,
Parading thro' the noiſy ſtreet
Thy vain, deluded *herd*;
*Poor things!* I pity much their caſe,
Who ſtigmatize the human race
By follies ſo abſurd.

Thro' navy, army, phyſic, law,
Sons of the *needle*, and the *ſaw*,
And every trade beſide;
I bluſh to ſee how great thy ſway!
What numbers fooliſhly obey
The dictates of thy pride.

Then let the rabble-rout proceed,
And ſtill thy mazy circle tread,
And praiſe thee as divine:
But as the varying ſeaſons roll,
May humble virtue charm *my* ſoul,
And common ſenſe be mine!

COLIN.

## TO SPRING.

*By Mrs.* ROBINSON.

LIFE-GLOWING ſeaſon! odour-breathing ſpring!
Deck'd in cerulean ſplendours vivid, warm,

Shedding

Shedding ſoft luſtre on the roſy hours,
And calling forth their beauties! Balmy ſpring!
To thee the vegetating world begins
To pay freſh homage. Ev'ry ſouthern gale
Whiſpers thy coming; every tepid ſhow'r
Revivifies thy charms. The mountain breeze
Wafts th' etherial eſſence to the vale,
While the low vale returns its fragrant hoard
With ten-fold ſweetneſs. When the dawn unfolds
Its purple ſplendours 'mid the dappled clouds,
Thy influence cheers the ſoul. When noon uplifts
Its burning canopy, ſpreading the plain
Of heav'n's own radiance with one vaſt of light,
Thou ſmil'ſt triumphant! Ev'ry little flow'r
Seems to exult in thee, delicious ſpring!
Luxuriant nurſe of nature! By the ſtream
That winds its ſwifts courſe down the mountain's ſide,
Thy progeny are ſeen—young primroſes,
And all the varying buds of wildeſt birth,
Dotting the green ſlope gaily. On the thorn,
Which arms the hedge-row, the young birds invite
With merry minſtreſſy, ſhrilly and maz'd
With winding cadences, now quick, now ſunk,
In the low twitter'd ſong. The ev'ning ſky
Reddens the diſtant main; catching the ſail,
Which ſlowly leſſens, and with crimſon hue
Varying the ſea-green wave; while the young moon,
Scarce viſible amid the warmer tints
Of weſtern ſplendours, ſlowly lifts her brow,
Modeſt and icy-luſtred! O'er the plain
The light dews riſe, ſprinkling the thiſtle's head,
And hanging its clear drops on the wild waſte
Of broomy fragrance. Seaſon of delight!
Thou ſoul expanding pow'r! whoſe wondrous glow
Can bid all nature ſmile! Ah! why to *me*
Come unregarded, undelighting ſtill
This ever-mourning boſom? So I've ſeen
The ſweeteſt flow'rets bind the icy urn,
The brighteſt ſun-beams glitter on the grave,
And the ſoft zephyrs kiſs the troublous main
With whiſper'd murmurs. Yes, to me, O ſpring!
Thou com'ſt unwelcom'd by a ſmile of joy;
To me, ſlow with'ring to that ſilent grave
Where all is blank and dreary; yet once more
The ſpring eternal of the ſoul ſhall dawn,
Unviſited by clouds, by ſtorms, by change,
Radiant and unexhauſted! Then, ye buds,
Ye plumy minſtrels, and ye balmy gales,
Adorn your little hour, and give your joys
To bleſs the fond world-loving traveller,
Who, ſmiling, meaſures the long flowery path
That leads to death! for to ſuch wanderers
Life is a buſy, pleaſing, cheerful dream,
And the laſt hour unwelcome—not to me,
Oh! not to me ſtern death! art thou a foe,
Thou art the welcome meſſenger, which brings
A paſſport—to a bleſt and long repoſe!

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## W A R.

URBANITY and battle!—manners ſmooth
And ruffian actions!—thorns that deeply pierce
And beautifully flower!—ſoft courtly camps,
That kill and ſmile, and ſmile and kill again!